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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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House newly refitted and refurnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Reasonable rates. Free baggage respectfully solicited.

A Trying Time.

It takes a deal of courage for me to write this, for I am a bashful man; and, indeed, if I were not, one could not wonder at my disinclination to make public such peculiarly trying events as occurred to me at the time of which I am about to write.

It was in the summer of 18—, Ned Nixon and myself were enjoying a trip to the White Hills, and enjoying it most heartily, too.

I shall never forget that ride through the Notch. The only persons in the stage besides ourselves were a jolly old gentleman and two lovely girls—one his daughter, the other his niece. Although strangers to us when we left Conway, we were soon good friends, for who can resist the sociability of a stage-ride? And when did two good-looking young men and two pretty girls pass two or three hours together without scraping acquaintance?

But I hurry over all this, for the perspiration is already oozing from every pore at the thought of what befell me, and of what I have to record; if I do not hurry, I shall not have strength to proceed.

We dined at the Mount Crawford, of course, and late in the afternoon drew up before Gibb's Hotel, which every one remembers as lying at the foot of Mount Washington.

The only drawback to the pleasure of our ride had been the dust, and when we stopped we were all dressed alike in gray suits.

We were in haste to have rooms assigned us, and make ourselves presentable. The young ladies were told by their chaperon to wait for him in the reception-room while he attended to the luggage, etc.

Ned was marched off to the apartment allotted him.

I hailed a green-looking son of Erin, and begging him to dispose of me in the same way, was about to follow him up-stairs, when I bethought me to look after my trunk, that he might take that with him.

Judge of my feelings when I found that it had been left behind! Here was a pretty go! The driver could not tell whether it was at the Mount Crawford for at Conway; in either case, I could not get it until the next day.

Swearing was useless, so, with a melancholy gesture, I bade Pat go ahead, and following him up two pairs of stairs, was ushered into a very well furnished and good-sized apartment. The next thing was how to make myself presentable at the tea-table without the aid of the toilet apparatus contained in my trunk.

As I surveyed myself in the glass, a more deplorable figure could not well be imagined. I took off coat and pants and gave them to Pat, with orders to give them a thorough beating and brushing, out of doors, and then bring them up to me.

Before further disrobing for bathing purposes, I looked around my room, and saw a door, apparently a closet door. I opened it, and, sure enough there was a marvelously spacious closet, which, in a hotel, is a great rarity. I think some malignant fairy was behind me at that time, for what did I possess me to explore that closet so leisurely? and what else would have caused the door to so nearly close behind me?

Suffice it to say, these things did take place, and, hearing a noise in the room, I turned, thinking to see Pat with my coat and pants, when through the crack where the closet door stood ajar, I beheld entering my apartment the young ladies who were our traveling companions in the stage. I had the presence of mind to draw the closet door to before they had turned toward it, and facilities benumbed at the turn of my situation, heard them coolly tell the waiter that the room would suit them very well—he might go down and bring up their trunks. I shook in every limb. What was I to do? Speak and make known the plight I was in, thus making myself ridiculous, and lose all chance of winning favor in the eyes of Fanny, for whom I had already conceived a tender passion? No, never!

What should be done? Would the waiter, returning with my clothes, make search for me, and finding, expose me to the gaze of—Oh, horrors! my blood ran cold at the thought. I found myself unable to think clearly. The perspiration was pouring down my body, that is, if slowly trickling can be called pouring, for mingling with the dust, it became about the consistency of good sugar-house molasses.

Meantime the young ladies were throwing off their outer garments, and expressing themselves well pleased with their quarters.

"This savor of romance, Fan," said Mabel.

"Ugh!" I inwardly groaned. "I think so, decidedly." "I certainly do," continued Miss Mabel; "to fall in with two such elegant young men, and so early in our journey; but Ned is my favorite."

"Theodore is mine, May," said Fanny. "I'm in love with him already." (I began to think life had not lost all its charms.)

"Well, then, we're both suited." Here came a knock at the door, and I heard:

"The gentleman's clothes, ma'am." "Gentleman's clothes; there's no gentleman here," said Fanny.

Wasn't there? Oh, heavens! what should I do? There were my clothes going off before my very ears, and no knowing whether I should ever see them again. There was no help for it, and I heard Pat's bewildered tones as he turned away from the door to look elsewhere for the "gentleman."

This episode over, Fanny and Mabel commenced what appeared to be a disrobing process, and I was roused from my apathetic state of despair by hearing the former remark:

"I declare, my bones are nearly all broken, May. What shall I do?" A vision of my dear one with her beautiful limbs fractured so tortured me that I was on the point of rushing to her assistance when I was horrified by hearing her cousin reply:

"Never mind dear. I have a skeleton in my trunk that I will lend you." Goodness gracious, was I dreaming? What sort of people were these that broke their bones and inserted new (or old) skeletons at their pleasure? My blood grew cold and hot by turns. I lost all thought of my own predicament in my horror; still the disrobing of the maidens proceeded. Then I heard the refreshing sound of splashing water. I imagined—well, no matter what. I do not think I am accountable for all that passed through my bewildered brain at that time.

All this while it had seemed to me that I could bathe and dress a regiment in less time than it had taken those two young women. I had grown so nervous that I was in imminent danger of either laughing or crying aloud—it seemed quite uncertain which.

What would Ned think had become of me? How was I ever to get out of this place? How get my wearing apparel?

"Where under the sun are my rats?" demanded Fanny. Here was new food for thought. Were they Chinese? Were the rats to be cooked for their supper? Are these specimens of woman as a class?

"Theodore," said I to myself, "in what a state of ignorance have you lived, my boy! How innocently you have always regarded the sex!"

The rats seemed to have been captured without difficulty, though, in spite of my sufferings, I listened for squeals. "Are the rats hot, Fan?"

Horror be upon horrors. Could those two lovely girls be about to put rats to death in that most inhuman fashion? I must protect against it; and yet, the disgrace of being found. No; the rats might die before I would venture a word in their behalf.

I find myself utterly unable to give any adequate idea of my feelings during that terrible time, and occasionally the thought of the ridiculous figure I should present, could any one have seen me, overcame all other emotions, and I came near laughing aloud.

At last (as near as I could judge) the young ladies had completed their toilet. The rustling of silk told me that, if I was ever to get out of my prison, I should soon have the opportunity.

The tea-gong sounded, and I felt like shouting for joy. The old gentleman knocked at the door of the room, and as the young ladies opened it, I heard the voice of my friend Ned. How cheery it sounded, how refreshed he seemed to feel, and how I wanted to throttle him, as if he had been the cause of my misfortunes. At last their retreating voices and footsteps assured me that I was safe, and with a bound I sprang from my hiding-place, making at once for the bell-rope and door-key. Just as I reached the latter, the door opened, and Ned stood before me. Never shall I forget his expression. Surprise, horror, incredulity, dismay, everything that a man's face could convey, was there.

"Thode Marston!" "Stop, for Heaven's sake, Ned, and help me," I exclaimed, piteously; and in as few words as possible I told my dismal tale.

In return he burst into a fit of laughter, so protracted that I at first grew enraged, then alarmed, lest serious consequences should ensue.

Finally, after taking Miss Mabel her fan, for which he had returned to the room, he succeeded in finding the waiter, who had an extra suit of clothes in his hands, and who had so stupidly allotted another's room to me without giving any notice at the office; and by

the time the ladies returned from the supper room I was presentable, though feeling rather weak in the joints, I must confess.

Ned had promised secrecy upon his honor, but his black eyes did twinkle when Miss Fanny asked how I had enjoyed myself since our arrival, at which I blushed so excessively that I knew she thought me a fool. I confess that it took me some days to recover from the effects of that afternoon; but Fanny's sweet face, and my ardent love for her, drove all unpleasant impressions away at last.

She is my wife now; and, for the benefit of my bachelor friends, and lest they should feel alarmed at some parts of my story, I will say that all that about the bones, skeletons, rats, etc., wasn't what I thought at all; in fact, it was nothing terrible, and if they want to feel sure of it, I would advise them to get just such a wife as I have and then you will soon understand all about it.

Nomination by Washington Rejected.

The question of the probable action of the Senate in regard to the nomination of the President recalls the first instance of the rejection of a nomination by the Senate. Benjamin Fish-bourne as naval officer at Savannah, Washington, while promptly substituting another name, sent a respectful remonstrance to the Senate, showing a painful consciousness of what he considered to be a reflection cast upon his judgment or his motives. He said that he did not doubt the reason for rejection seemed to the Senate to be ample, but he submitted whether, when the propriety of a nomination appeared to be questionable, it might not be expedient to ask the reasons. He proceeded at once to state the grounds upon which he made the nomination, which were entirely conclusive. Washington's statement was so impressive that the Senate immediately confirmed the nomination of the substitute, and no other nomination of Washington's was ever rejected.

The only reason known for the refusal of the Senate to confirm Colonel Fish-bourne, was the opposition of Senators from Georgia, which was supposed to be political, and of the kind which has since become so familiar.—Harper's Weekly.

New Dodge.

"I beg your pardon," said a slouchily dressed individual, reaching for a burr which adhered to the coat sleeve of a gentleman just ahead of him; there's a burr on your coat, sir; permit me to remove it. "Thank you, no consequence," said the gentleman, himself removing the burr. The impetuous one struck an attitude, told the regulation story of hunger, and preferred a request for 10 cents with which to buy bread. He got the money but still lingered. "What is it, my man?" asked the gentleman. "Please, sir," replied the tramp, "you have my burr in your hand. I'd like it, if you please. It's my capital you know?" "Your capital?" "Yes, my capital; you see, I sticks it into a cove what looks downy you know, and then I steps up and takes it off. Sometimes I only get thanks for my trouble, and sometimes I don't get that much; and then some of them comes down hand-some. Yes, boss, that's my capital; couldn't do business without it; have to shut up shop, you know."

How Trees Pump Water.

Some idea of the necessity of preserving our forests, in order to protect the valleys from disastrous inundations may be gathered from the fact that Dr. J. M. Anders, in the official report of the geological survey of Wisconsin, says that the average amount of water pumped from the earth and exhaled by soft, thin-leaved plants in clear weather amounts to about one and one-fourth ounce troy per day of twelve hours for every square foot of surface. Hence, says the doctor, "a moderate-sized elm raises and throws off seven and three-fourths tons of water per day."

There are no children any more. The eleven-year-old daughter of a fashionable lady of Marshall, Texas, was observed to be in very deep thought. "What are you thinking about, Mamma?" asked her mother. "I was just wondering whether me or Tommy Jones ought to pay the expenses." "What expenses?" "The traveling expenses of our bridal tour."—Texas Siftings.

"Well, madam, how's your husband to-day?" "Why, doctor, he's no better." "Did you take the leeches?" "Yes, but he only took three of them raw—I had to fry the rest."

Mrs. Cuttle's Surprise Party.

Last Thursday was the anniversary of Mr. Cuttle's marriage, and so his wife thought she would get up a little surprise party for his benefit. She went around the neighborhood with great secrecy and invited all the neighbors, together with certain of her husband's business friends, and laid out a programme of refreshments well calculated to please. Everybody was to meet at the house at nine o'clock sharp, and give Mr. Cuttle such a surprise when he came home as would start the filling in his back teeth. But it fell out that Mr. Cuttle had got hold of a bad headache that day, and, contrary to custom, he came home at seven o'clock. His wife was out in the shed at the time, concocting the low-necked ice-cream, and, not finding her, Mr. Cuttle went directly to bed, and was sleeping as sound as a bank watchman; and two hours later when the guests arrived, he was scheduled for an all-night run, and no stops at way stations. And all innocently the merry, merry guests filed in, speaking in hushed whispers and treading on each other's dresses, and were shown into the darkened parlor, in order to jump out when Mr. Cuttle should arrive, and thus make the surprise absolutely perfect. And there they stayed and stayed and stayed and stayed for three never-ending hours, while Mrs. Cuttle kept wondering wherever her husband could be, and running to the door to look for him, and crying, till a little man in a red necktie, who was tired of having a fat woman standing on his feet, wanted to know rather sarcastically if it wouldn't be a good idea, just by way of variety, to play something else. Then Mrs. Cuttle went into her bedroom to get a fresh handkerchief to cry into, and when she turned up the gas and saw her husband sleeping there so gently and sweetly and peacefully, and with anything but an expression of surprise depicted on his countenance, she went softly back to where the guests were waiting, and pointed out to them in a calm and dispassionate way how much better it would be to go home quietly and say nothing about it. Everybody else felt that way, too, and even seemed anxious about it, while the little man in the red necktie added that while, for his part, he was probably as fond of surprise parties as any man alive, so far as his observations extended it seemed to him in these joyous occasions that it somehow made a difference as to who was the party surprised.—Rockland Courier Gazette.

A Foolish Father.

"My dear," said a rich father to his only daughter, a very fashionable girl, you are about to be married and I want to talk to you seriously."

"Yes, papa," she said, sitting herself on his knee.

"George is a very worthy young man and abundantly able to take care of you; but this is a very uncertain world. Misfortunes may come when we least expect them and it behooves us at all times to be ready to meet them with a brave, cheerful heart. If, through some chance, your husband should lose his fortune and be reduced to very humble circumstances, do you think that you could accept the new order of things and help him as a true wife should?"

"How can you ask such a question, you foolish pa, when you know how I adore George?"

"This is all very well," the old man continued; "but could you, educated to a life of luxury, as you have been, resolutely put aside the past and devote yourself to household duties, such as cooking, and mending—and sweeping, and all that sort of things?"

"What a foolish, silly papa you are, to be sure," replied the girl, playfully tapping the bald spot on his head, "and how ridiculously you talk. Why, the servants would attend to all those matters."

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A Great Practical Joker.

Hack Knober, editor of the *Weekly Ker Slesh*, a humorous paper, itches for a prominent place among the jesters of America. His marked paragraphs having failed to produce a sensation, and his long articles having been declared to be as dismal as the screek of a wooden hinge, he decided upon making some new attempt.

"I notice," he mused, one evening, "that the best humorists in the past were practical jokers. John Phoenix and Artemus Ward made their greatest hits in this way. Now, if I get up a joke on some teller who travels around some drummer who would come around, and tell it—I would soon have a national reputation."

Hack was soon afforded an opportunity of enforcing this determination. One night at the village hotel he noticed a nervous fellow who traveled for a shoe house.

"That's my man," mused Hack, "I'll have him standing on his head to-night. How do you do?—addressing the drummer."

"So, so. What sort of a place is this you've got here? Just now, while standing out there, a dog came up, and it was all I could do to keep him off me."

"Must have been a mad dog," replied Hack. "Good many of them in the neighborhood."

"Well, that lets me out. I shall leave here in the morning."

Hack inquired the number of the drummer's room, and late in the evening slipped in and got under the bed. The drummer came in after awhile and sat down on the edge of the bed.

Hack groaned like a dog.

"I hope," said the drummer aloud, "that I won't have another fit to-night. I'd better throw this pistol away, for I might kill somebody. No, blamed if I don't keep it. I would'nt mind killing a few such fellows as live in this town. That fool editor ought to die."

Hack did not growl.

"He ought to go this night. I feel that thing coming on me. Believe I'll sleep under the bed. Then, if any one should come to kill me, they couldn't find me."

The sharp corners of Hack's bones began to thump the floor.

"Believe I'll shoot under there a couple of times."

"For God's sake, hold on Mister!" exclaimed Hack, crawling out. "I wasn't doing anything I—" He made a break for the door.

"Who is that awful fellow?" asked Hack, when he reached the office.

"Why, don't you know him?"

"He's going to be your rival here in business. He has bought the *News*. Saw him laughing just before he went up. Said he was going to have some fun."

Hack groaned.

"Said one of the boys was trying to play a joke on him. Said that he heard that you were a great practical joker. Don't be in a hurry. Told me that when he got a chance he was going to write you up. Well, good night, old boy."

The "Weekly Ker Slesh" has suspended. Hack works at a steamboat landing.—Arkansas Traveller.

No Time for That.

"Yes, the artificial banks along this river made capital breastworks for the Confederates," said the pilot, as we steamed down the mighty Mississippi. "Safely sheltered by the heavy walls of earth, I've had more'n one crack at a Yankee gunboat myself."

"Then you were in the service?"

"Must have been. I belonged to a sort of independent troop, and most of our fighting was from these 'ere banks. Do you see that grove away off up there?"

Can Unset Diamonds be Identified?

Wanting to buy a few precious stones to distribute among my friends here I get my insured and go to the seaside. I interviewed a diamond merchant down town, and while we were comparing the gems the conversation turned upon the difficulty of identifying diamonds. Some people assert that they can recognize a certain stone as accurately as other people can recognize a certain man. You take your diamonds to be cleaned or reset and you are sure that you receive the same stones again, although others less valuable, or even paste imitations, may have been substituted. But the experts are sure that they can never be deceived unless the stone has been reset. Upon this point the diamond merchant told me a good story:

One day another firm in the same business—call it Smith & Jones—sent him a diamond, which was very fine and very cheap. It was set in a ring, so that he could not weigh it, but after examining it carefully he concluded that its cheapness must be caused by some defect, and so he returned it to the owners. The next week an agent called with another fine, cheap stone, which my friend concluded to purchase. Before binding the bargain he thought he would take it over to Smith & Jones and see what they said about it. They praised it enthusiastically. "Why, it's a bargain!" cried Smith, and so my friend bought the diamond.

"Aha!" said Jones, when they met the next day, "you did buy our stone after all, and you paid \$50 more for it than we asked for it originally."

This was galled and wormwood. My friend hurried back to his office and looked at the diamond. Sure enough, it was the stone that Smith & Jones had sent to him. The clever firm had angled for him through an agent and caught him nicely. He matched the diamond, had a pair of ear-rings made and bided his time.

At last he gave the ear-rings and his price to an agent and sent him out to sell them. The agent came back and said: "Smith & Jones want one of these stones. Will you split the pair?"

"Yes," said the diamond merchant, "sell them this one," and he took one of the stones out of its settings; the price is so much a carat, as the color is very fine."

When the agent returned with the check my friend sat down and wrote Smith & Jones the following note:

"Quits! You have bought back your own stone and given me \$97 profit. I prefer Pommery Sec."

It was a case of diamond cut diamond, and it confirmed my doubts as to the possibility of identifying unset stones.

The Insurance Agent and the Dutchman.

A certain Dutchman, owner of a small house, had effected an insurance on it of eight thousand dollars, although it had been built for much less. The house got burned down, and the Dutchman then claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay more than its actual value—about six thousand dollars. He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English, interlarding his remarks with some choice Teutonic oaths.

"If you wish it," said the actuary of the insurance company, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are positive it can be done for even less than six thousand dollars."

To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and at last was compelled to take the six thousand dollars. Some weeks after he had received the money he was called upon by the same agent, who wanted him to take out a policy of a life insurance on himself or on his wife.

"If I insure your wife's life for four thousand dollars," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart."

"You 'surance fellows is all 'liefs!" said the Dutchman. "If I insure my wife, and my wife dies, and if I goes to the office to get my four thousand dollars, do I gets all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, 'she wasn't vert four thousand dollars; she was vert 'bout one thousand dollars. If you don't like de one thousand dollars, we will give you a bigger and better wife!"

The following is said to be the way to build up a town, and we think it well put:

Write about it.
Help to improve it.
Beautify the streets.
Patronize the merchants.
Advertise in the newspapers.
Elect good men to all the offices.
Pay your taxes without grumbling.
Be courteous to strangers who come among you.
Never let an opportunity to speak a word about it pass.
If you think of nothing good to say about it say nothing bad.
Remember that every dollar you invest as a permanent improvement is that much money at interest.
Never "kick" against any proposed necessary improvement because it is near your own door, for fear your taxes will be raised fifteen cents.